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W. R. HEARST.

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PRESIDENT
McKINLEY'S
MESSAGE.

The forecast of the message which President McKinley will send to Congress, on its reassembling, printed in the Journal, is obtained from a thoroughly authoritative source. It shows the President to be in a mental state very far removed from anything like formative statesmanship. The criticisms of his timidity and lack of positive conviction so freely uttered during the campaign which resulted in his election will be revived by this extraordinary document. It is enough to characterize the message as a whole as a studied effort to evade responsibility. Conditions which are notorious to all the President solemnly points out for the edification of Congress, but studiously refrains from offering any suggestions for their correction.

It is amazing to find the President dismissing now the critical question of Cuba with a plea for more time. When he, or his spokesmen, made a like appeal months ago the country with difficulty repressed its impatience, but loyally agreed that a new Administration might reasonably be given some leisure to grapple with a serious foreign complication which its predecessor had notoriously mismanaged. But what advantage have the people of the United States, who for motives of interest or humanity are Cuban sympathizers, reaped from the long delay? Is the revolution appreciably nearer suppression? Are American personal and property rights in the island any less in jeopardy? Has the promise of the Republican national platform that the Administration would "actively use its influence and good offices to restore peace and give independence to the island" been brought measurably nearer to fulfillment? All these questions and every one of similar tenor must be answered in the negative. To apply to this situation now the procrastinating policy of Oriental diplomacy is a virtual confession of bad faith. We do not believe that Congress will tolerate longer this paltering with a grave international question that grows more menacing with every day its settlement is deferred. The President may be made the dupe of Spanish diplomacy, but the nation will not.

It is curious to find the President, elected on an issue involving the reform of the currency system, who sent a bimetallic commission to Europe and blocked the last hours of an extra session of Congress with a demand for a monetary reform commission, almost ignoring this issue in his message. Secretary Gage's currency plan is transmitted to Congress without a word of approval or condemnation. The President's sole contribution to the financial question is the comparatively trivial suggestion that the law be so amended that greenbacks returning to the Treasury by redemption or through the revenue shall not be paid out again except in exchange for gold.

And this suggestion, inextricably intertwined as it is with the question of the sufficiency of the revenues, does not seem to have fixed the President's attention upon the failure of the Dingley law. If to a deficit of \$80,000,000 a year there is to be added the practical denial to the Government of the right to use the greenbacks in the Treasury for any purpose except the purchase of gold, it is clear enough that hard times for the Treasury are in sight. But the President applauds the Dingley law, credits it with having re-established prosperity and predicts for it a glorious future.

Thus on the three questions which most engage the attention of thoughtful observers of national affairs—Cuba, the currency and the revenue—the President's message is distinctly evasive and therefore disappointing. It has the qualities of a cautious candidate's guarded interviews during a campaign. The nation has a right to demand of a President that he abandon campaign puerilities after election and give to the people the best and strongest thought his mind is capable of. If President McKinley has done this he has shown his possession of a mind of singularly commonplace and timid character.

THE
RAPID TRANSIT
CASE.

Everybody in New York, with the significant exception of the owners of the elevated railroads and the editors of newspapers they control, will unite in the hope that the decision in the rapid transit case now pending in the Appellate Division of the Supreme Court will be rendered speedily and will be favorable to the city. The irritating and wasteful delays which have attended the progress of the rapid transit enterprise to its present stage have proceeded wholly from the mercenary obstructionism of the men who are now enriching themselves at the expense of the public. With unlimited capital at their disposal they have been able to secure shrewd lawyers well versed in taking advantage of the law's delays. Their obvious purpose now is to restrain the city from completing the contract with the construction company until after January 1. Then the confusion attendant upon the organization of the greater city will offer such illimitable opportunities for litigation that the elevated railroads can maintain their profitable monopoly for a decade yet to come. No court should lay itself under suspicion of being a party to so purely mercenary a scheme.

The demand for the system of rapid transit contemplated in the plan now tied up in court is as universal as dissatisfaction and disgust with the elevated railway system. Its practicability is becoming day by day more evident. The complete success of the new subway in Boston gives the lie to the persistent argument that an underground road is necessarily dark and ill-ventilated. The form of the contract into which the construction company must enter with the city wholly dispels apprehension that taxation will be increased and the city's liabilities multiplied by the undertaking. The railroad will pay for itself, and in the meantime the citizens will be freed from paying tribute to monopoly.

All New York will watch anxiously for the Supreme Court's decision, which may fairly be expected at any moment.

NO LOWERING
OF THE
STANDARD.

Commissioner Waring said in a public address on Saturday night that he was quite sure he would not be retained in office after January 1, but that he was equally sure that the standard of efficiency in the Street Cleaning Department "will be maintained by the powers that will then assume control."

Colonel Waring has performed a very great service to the city of New York in setting a high standard for street cleaning and demonstrating its value to the health and comfort of the people. He wisely set out to do it regardless of cost, and thereby showed the necessity of a more liberal appropriation than had previously been made for the purpose. The recognized energy and honesty of his management served to justify his standard of expense and reconcile the public to the cost of clean streets.

His administration can afford to lower the standard of efficiency in the Street Cleaning Department, and the powers that are to assume control will no doubt strive to keep up the standard all around. There are departments in which it can be improved, but Colonel Waring's record will constitute a popular test and serve to excite emulation.

EXPEDITING
CRIMINAL
TRIALS.

The celerity with which the Thorne trial has proceeded in Long Island City before two different Justices has excited an interesting discussion over the cause of delay in similar cases in this city. Making all reasonable allowances for the difference of conditions, it is evident that the responsibility lies mainly with the court.

So far as getting a jury is concerned, no doubt a smaller proportion of the talemens in Queens County are really unfit to serve, and a much smaller proportion seek to escape service, but the main difference is in the scope and extent of the questions, and that is under the control of the presiding Judge. The Long Island City Justices have held the lawyers to the strict line of examination necessary to test qualifications.

The same difference appears in the questioning of witnesses as in the examination of jurors, and it is shown in the Thorne trial that there is no need

of dragging out such cases with endless repetitions, cumulations and irrelevancies. The remedy is in the hands of the judges, and, as W. P. Howe said in his statement to the Journal yesterday, it only needs "the application of common sense and the disposition to save time."

LIGHT ON
AMERICAN
NEWSPAPERS.

Professor Harry Thurston Peck has given the lay critics of American journalism material for a little serious thought. In the current number of the Cosmopolitan he discusses the need for a new national newspaper. While he finds certain faults in the American press, and thinks that there is a growing public that would welcome and support a newspaper conducted on different lines, he emphatically disputes the charges commonly leveled against the existing journals. These are, in brief, that American newspapers are untrustworthy, sensational and morbidly hungry for personalities.

As to the first point, Professor Peck observes that "a great newspaper is one of the most gigantic, most highly systematized and most elaborate organizations that can be found in our modern life. It has millions of capital invested in it. It has at its disposition what is in reality a highly trained army, officered with ability, industry, executive talent, energy and enthusiasm. It commands the services of scores of intrepid, tireless, indomitable men, who are inspired by the marvellous devotion to their calling which is one of the strangest phases of our journalism—men who will face hardship and privation, and even disease and death, for the glory of that impersonal thing which they have made it their profession to serve." To suppose that after all this labor, money and devotion have been expended to gather facts an editor would make them all futile by mixing them with fictions is a self-evident absurdity.

As to sensationalism, it "exists in appearance much more than in reality." It is chiefly typographical, consisting in scare heads and expansive pictures. The actual reports, thus thrillingly introduced, "are by no means very startling or exaggerated." Allowing for our national characteristics, they are "as rational, as well written and as satisfactory as the pompously solemn chronicle of the British journalist, and a great deal more picturesque." The imputation of indecency is "absolutely false," no American paper venturing to print such things as are forced upon the public attention not only by the press of the Continent of Europe, but by that of England.

The excess of personalities in American newspapers Professor Peck attributes to the traditions of American life. Americans have always taken a warm and genial interest in each others' affairs, and the newspaper is merely the glorified successor of the village store.

On the other hand, the newspapers in this country never print the most interesting things they know. "Out of real reticence and good feeling" they refrain from publishing the best stories in their possession. They spare their opponents, even in the hottest campaigns, anything that would blast their private lives and wound the hearts of women and children—"a proof of the good feeling and real kindness that are essentially American, and for which one would seek in vain abroad." American newspaper men are continually in receipt of confidential disclosures of the most sensational news value, "and," remarks Professor Peck, "if any professional journalist has ever violated such a confidence as this, if he has ever shown himself unworthy of the trust that one reposes in a man of honor, or if he has ever let the instincts of a news gatherer master his good faith as a man and his patriotism as an American, then the present writer, at least, has never heard of it."

Again, the American newspaper is edited, not thrown together, as foreign journals are; it is distinguished from all others by the "extraordinary range, the completeness, and, on the whole, the accuracy of its news, to get which it spares no labor or expense," and it is almost invariably honest. In the last respect Professor Peck thinks it "stands as high as its English contemporaries, and with them forms a wholesome and refreshing contrast to the almost universally corrupt and purchasable press of the Continent."

These opinions, from such a source, may surprise some of the high-minded patriots who hold

that no good thing can come out of America. The surprise will be a wholesome one, however, and it will serve to clear away a good many false ideas.

THE PRICE OF
POLITICAL
LEADERSHIP.

The sudden stroke of illness which came upon Mr. Sheehan, the leader of Tammany Hall, offers an illustration of the physical dangers which attend the work of political leadership. Perhaps no mental strain is so great and so unrelenting as that which the director of an arduous municipal campaign undergoes for weeks at a time. To inspire a host of lieutenants with zeal, and at the same time to guard against the imprudence which almost inevitably attends zeal; to watch the enemy unrelentingly and meet assaults from unexpected quarters; to turn suspicion into confidence, and deal keenly with the unscrupulous, are tasks taxing to the utmost a high order of mental capacity. The man who after weeks of this kind of industry returns immediately to the conduct of large business affairs has only himself to blame if an overworked brain rebels.

THE CASE FOR
THE
PARCELS POST.

Everybody except the stockholders in great express companies would be benefited if the plea for a parcels post system should be favorably answered by Congress. Railroad stockholders would profit because the volume of traffic would be greatly increased and the payment to the railroads would be on a fair and businesslike basis instead of being so arranged that the great profit should go to railroad officials holding stock in an express company. City merchants would find the territory to which they could profitably extend their trade greatly increased, and dwellers in the country would enjoy the advantages of a city market to make purchases in. Besides the mere convenience to the occasional sender of bundles here and there, the facilities offered by a parcels post system would stimulate trade in no inconsiderable degree.

What is the argument against it? Primarily its opponents condemn it as Socialistic. But that epithet never was an argument, and has even ceased to be a word of reproach in this era of municipal gas and electric lighting systems, State canals and travelling libraries. England, France and Germany have enjoyed the advantages of the parcels post for some decades without being turned into Socialistic Utopias.

But they say it will put on the treasury a heavy additional burden in this year of Dingley deficits. This, however, is mere assertion, needing proof. It is more probable that a parcels post could be made a source of net revenue to the Post Office Department. The amount of business done in the thickly populated regions of the East would be an immense source of income. Charges at a mere fraction of those imposed by the present monopolies controlling the express business would make this branch of the postal service self supporting.

When this project reaches Congress it will be well for the people to note that behind the most plausible arguments adduced against it will lurk the influence of the monopolists who would suffer by its success.

By sitting down and waiting for something to turn up the Bridge Trustees would simply be plagiarizing from the official proceedings of the Rapid Transit Commissioners.

Mr. Robert P. Porter declares the taking of the next census should be placed in the hands of competent persons. This is the first intimation the public has had that Mr. Porter is not after his old job.

New York in the Future.

It strikes us that those who are counting upon the State of New York as secured for the Democratic candidate for President in 1900 are clearly premature. Something has been secured toward it in establishing Democratic control in New York City, and yet, if the issues of 1900 can be made the same as those in 1897, we are confident that New York City will give an enormous reduced Democratic majority, if it gives any at all.—Boston Herald.

What Is a Mugwump?

A Reformer by Trensou.
A mugwump is one who tries to reform his party by turning traitor to it; thinks one way and votes another; an egotist, self-seeker and hypocrite; a political traitor who betrays his party for self-interest and piously thanks God that he has a party to betray.
GEORGE M. MOLONEY, 1838 North st.
Philadelphia, Nov. 26, 1897.

A Self-Discovered Exotist.

A mugwump is a man who believes himself wiser than his fellows, but discovers that he has practised an egregious folly.
"So," Troy, N. Y.

A Political Freeman.

A mugwump ordinary is a non-partisan, an independent voter, an individual not tied down to any fixed or permanent party creed. The mugwump true is one who, through convictions unshaken and unimpaired by party considerations, attains to absolute political freedom.
Right, not might, is mugwumpism, and jealousy, hatred and slander, the forces of opposition thereto, will never crush it out of existence. As was always, Rightness born in the degrading environment of selfishness and wealth, makes slow progress, but eventually it will prevail and become the power that rules and governs.
In the Book on Greatness, history will write in this order: Great Deeds—Great Men—Mugwumps.

J. J. KOCH, 568 Broadway.
Philadelphia, Nov. 27, 1897.

Honest, but Inefficient.

Dear Sir: Mugwump—an aristocratic reformer, honest but inefficient.
PHILIP A. CRAPO.
New York, Nov. 27, 1897.

Wants Office but Despises Politics.

He who wants an office without asking for it; thinks it degrading to take a hand at primary elections, to belong to political clubs, to contribute to them, to associate with the masses or common people; always finds fault, makes slow progress, but eventually it will prevail and become the power that rules and governs.
In the Book on Greatness, history will write in this order: Great Deeds—Great Men—Mugwumps.

J. J. KOCH, 568 Broadway.
Philadelphia, Nov. 27, 1897.

Faithful Only to Himself.

Believing the word should be used politically, I say that a mugwump is one who, while being a member of the party, discredits its nominee because his nomination crowded a candidate who would have been more acceptable to the Mugwumps; or, one who bolts the nomination because things do not just meet his ideas.
HYING C. HOYT, No. 5 Elsie Place.
Buffalo, Nov. 27, 1897.

A Dyspeptic of Politics.

A political gumbler, or the shabby-quitted-dyspeptic of politics. He sees nothing good in others—does nothing good himself.
WILLIAM H. STEWART.
Portsmouth, Va., Nov. 27, 1897.

A Man of Power.

A mugwump is a man of great power, thus named by his competitors for power in hope that ridicule the great slayer of pride—may accomplish what this political strength can not—his exertion.
MRS. R. W. TRAVIS.
Newburg, N. Y., Nov. 27, 1897.

Self-Glorified Nondescript.

A political nondescript, whose chief ambition is the glorification of self and the subversion of established conditions. He is generated by defeated ambition and fed upon hopes which can never realize. Like the mule, he is "without pride of ancestry or hope of posterity."
GEORGE C. WIDDERBURN.
Baltimore, Md., Nov. 26, 1897.

Actor Men and Chappies: A
New and Growing Combination.



of this truth is needed than the vast popularity of Mr. Nat Goodwin at the recent Horse Show.

The ruddy Nathaniel was on hand every afternoon, and in the comet-like trail of his luminous presence the chappies disported themselves in an ecstasy of joy.

Of course Mr. Goodwin has not yet achieved the social prominence or distinction of Mr. Drew, but where there is life there is hope, and we may yet see Nattie rivaling Johnnie in his great act of saluting the occupants of the arena boxes in Horse Show time and receiving as his reward the blessed privilege of touching the finger tips of some fair leader of the Four Hundred.

Just now, however, Johnnie is far and away first with the ladies, while Nattie has to be content with the adoration of the chappies.

This mutual attraction between actor men and chappies was not always so. Indeed, I remember the time only too well when our first impulse on meeting an actor was to punch his head.

What is more, we did it very often, and as often got punched in return. There was sure to be a scrap whenever we came together, and even Nattie, who is now a lion on occasion, did battle against us valiantly and effectively.

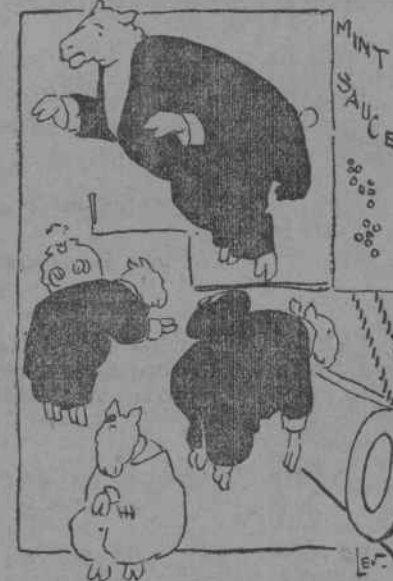
But it wasn't of war that I started to write, nor yet of lions; but of peace and of lambs.

The actors' club—not the Players' Club, which often draws the line at actors—is known as the Lambs' Club. It is a fine old institution, and we have all been in it at some time or other and have enjoyed the innocent gambols of its unsophisticated members.

Now the chief of these is known officially as the Shepherd. He directs the gambols and otherwise looks after the welfare, temporal and spiritual, of the flock.

In everyday life he is plain Mr. Greene, Clay M. Greene, and he is vastly fond of the sea.

He has a fine old place down at Bayside and has made a practice for many years of



Not a Merry Gambol.

taking his flock down there and filling them up with lambs.

The universal prevalence and violence of indigestion among his guests after each of these annual clambakes have long been a source of acute sorrow to Shepherd Greene. He has consulted eminent physicians to obtain an antidote for his deep sea food, but without success. The Lambs have always returned to town and gone into retirement for repairs.

Shepherd Greene is a man of invention as well as note. He was the first white child born in the city of San Francisco, and he has striven through all the subsequent years to live up to the reputation springing from that fact.

Incidentally he has written plays. Now, a man that can write a play that

A REVOLUTIONARY PIANIST.

"LOST your job, eh?" said Wilkins to his young friend Keyboard.
"Well, what are you going to do for a living?"

"Darned if I know," replied that dejected individual. "Bookkeeping is the only thing I know, and I haven't been able so far to get another position at that business. Everything is snapped up."

Wilkins thought deeply for a moment. "Let me see," he then said; "you can play the piano, can't you?"

Keyboard laughed. "Yes; I can play a few pieces in an amateurish way, but what's the good of that? Piano playing doesn't help a man in the commercial world; it keeps him back, if anything—if it's known. He's generally considered a softy."

"That's all right for the commercial world," said Wilkins; "but I've got a scheme for you. Now listen to me." And he breathed a few hurried words into the willing ear of the young amateur musician.

Mrs. Vandaster's soirees were always well attended, because everybody who went there could count on being amused in some form or other. The hostess had something new up her sleeve to attract her friends each time there was a gathering of this sort, and when it was whispered about that on this particular occasion a positively new and refreshingly original musical idea was to be launched the crush was enormous. The artist was advertised in a quiet way, of course—as a pianist with revolutionary methods, but ones that commended themselves as soon as heard.

"Is he really such a brilliant player?" asked Mrs. Holmgren of her dearest friend, the hostess. Mrs. Vandaster smiled mysteriously. "No, dear, he's very ordinary indeed. But wait and judge for yourself. I know you'll be delighted."

At this moment the pianist made his appearance in the salon with a roll of music in his hand. It was Keyboard, and he had his nerve with him. He had been carefully coached by his friend Wilkins, but he thought it better to breathe a short prayer for success. Sitting down at the instru-

the public can digest ought to invent an antidote for a clambake that an actor can't digest.

So thought Greene, and thinking so, he set the machinery of his mind to the solution of the problem.

He has finally hit it. On the evening of December 7 he will be elected commodore of the Douglass Yacht Club. Next Summer he will give his clambake to the Lambs, as usual, but at the first symptom of indigestion he will order out the Douglass Yacht Club fleet and take his guests aboard. The chopping waves of Long Island Sound will do the rest.

Shepherd Greene has a great head. He deserves the additional title of commodore.

How the Lambs look at it is represented in the accompanying pictorial dream in black and white by Mr. Levering. The big lamb at the top is supposed to be gamboling to the clambake. The others are enjoying the sail of the Douglass Yacht Club.

By Jove! but Fashion rings its changes even on grief.

Coming down Fifth Avenue the other day



Grief in a Covert Coat.

I was attracted by a most ravishingly beautiful young widow.

I knew she was a widow by the look in her eye and the prevalence of her weeds. I am frank to say that I like widows, especially widows with red-gold hair, as this one had.

The red of a woman's hair and cheeks always looks well against a black background of mourning. It is like hope rising out of despair.

But there was something else about this widow that held my attention. It was her costume. It indicated recent and great sorrow. A small, close-fitting bonnet of crepe, with two pompons of the same material and a widow's ruche, sat becomingly upon her red hair, over which was draped a three months' veil with a hem a quarter of a yard wide. Even her face veil, of black Brussels net, was trimmed with two deep crepe folds of regulation width. Her skirt was of black Henrietta cloth and devoid of the slightest trimming. But her top coat was of light tan covert cloth, trim and tailor made, quite short, with tight back, fly front and snug sleeves, on the left one of which was stitched, above the bend of the elbow, a band of black bombazine six inches deep.

It was a novelty in grief, but such a fetching dress and so admirably displayed by the tall, lithe and supple figure in it that I don't mind confessing that I walked two blocks out of my way to study the artistic effect.

I think it is downright hard on any poor chap to have to leave a widow like that.

And while I am at such a sad subject I might as well tell you that Mrs. Richard Irvin has a novelty in the way of jewelry to wear with her mitigated mourning. It is a porte bonheurs bangle of gold, from which hang large pearls in shades of gray.

Another pretty effect has been attained by Mrs. Arthur Murray Dodge by wearing roll collars and cuffs of white organdie with her widow's weeds.

I have gone into the detail of this subject because a certain young widow, whom I adore on Tuesdays and who furnished me with the descriptions given above, claimed that I have not been giving the widows their fair share of this column of late.

So I make restitution to the best of my ability and apologize for not having been more successful in satisfying the demands of the occasion.

CHOLLY KNICKERBOCKER.

ment, he opened the music. There was a deep hush, and you could have heard a pin head parting the waves of the atmosphere as it passed downward, so intense was the silence. Suddenly Keyboard swung around on the stool and faced the audience.

"Ladies and gentlemen," he said in a clear and pleasant voice, "let me announce right away that I am no player—indeed, I am not."



These are the lightest and the best of "Lord Gilhooley's" scraps of wisdom. The others are hoary-haired, and, for the most part, very, very heavy, so that the tail-piece—a little cut of the hind quarter of an elephant—is not inappropiate. The affection of sackcloth in which Lord Gilhooley does penance for his perpetration makes an odd but unattractive binding. Personally, I do not care that the sackcloth of others should be obtruded upon my vision or worn outside so that the roughness is apparent to my own cuticle instead of to that of the penitent.

JAMES L. FORD.

WEATHER—
Cool; station-
ary tempera-
ture; possibly
snow in even-
ing.

